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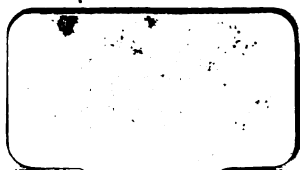
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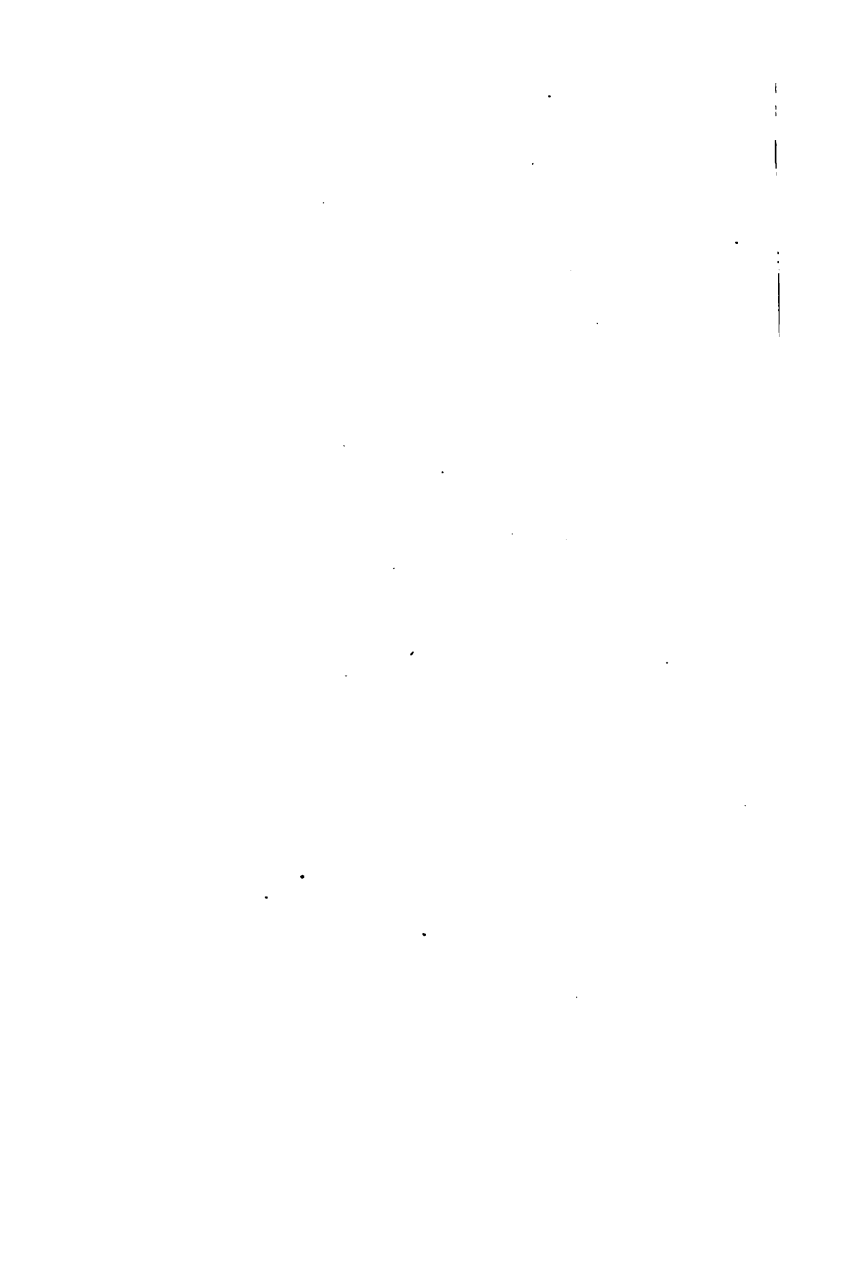


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"Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.—Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be which find it."—MATTHEW vii. 13, 14.

THE GREAT JOURNEY.

A Pilgrimage

THROUGH THE VALLEY OF TEARS,

TO

MOUNT ZION, THE CITY OF THE LIVING GOD;

OR,

THE BROAD WAY WHICH LEADETH TO DESTRUCTION, AND
THE NARROW WAY WHICH LEADETH UNTO LIFE.

"He spake many things unto them in PARABLES."—MATT. xiii. 3.

"Leaving us as an example that we should follow His steps."—1 PETER ii. 21.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY W. F. RAMSAY,

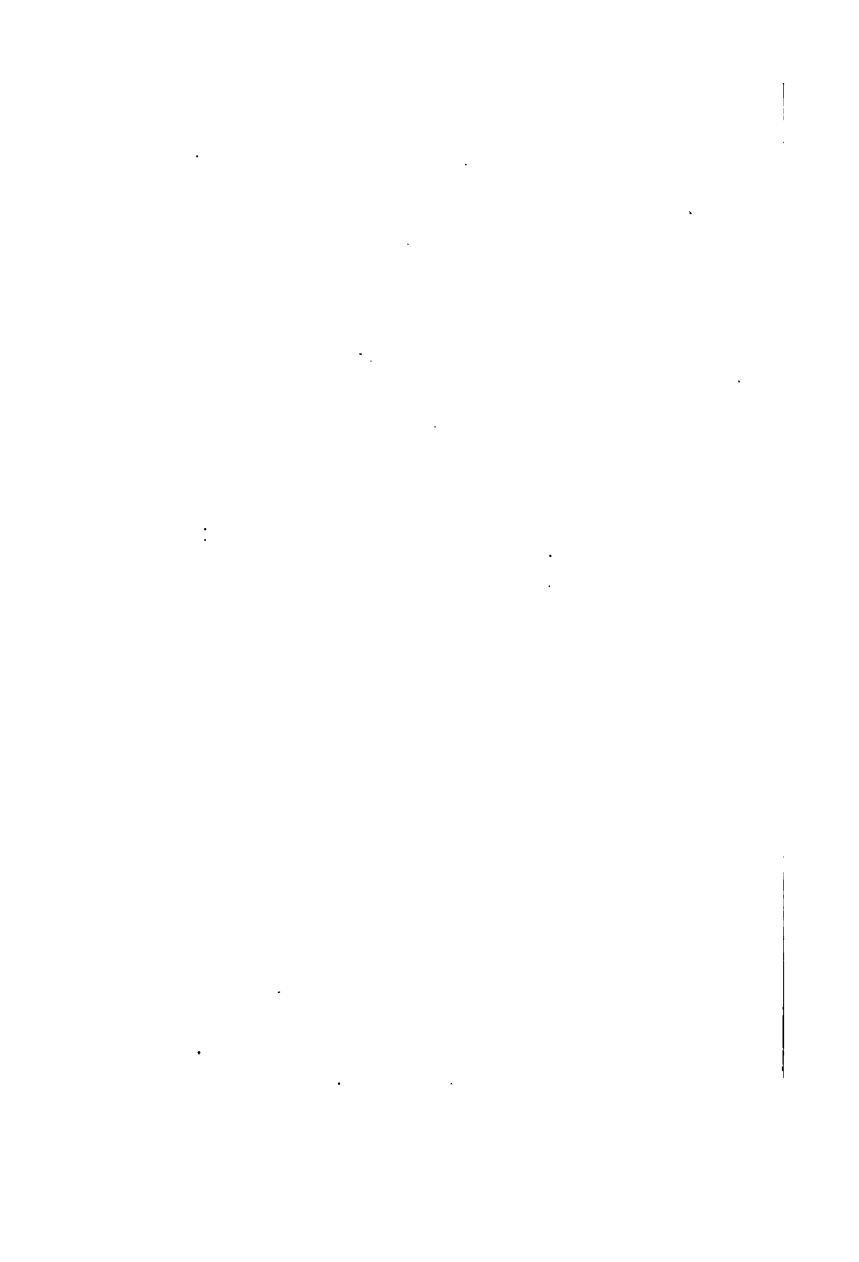
11, BROMPTON ROW, BROMPTON;

SOLD ALSO BY

WARD AND Co., 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1850.





PREFACE.

THE Author deems it unnecessary to say, that the following pages are but a borrowed ray from the unrivalled production of him who lived to describe the Pilgrim's PROGRESS, and who has now entered on the enjoyment of the Pilgrim's REST. He feels there is every apology needed for venturing thus to commit to the press another of the many faint echoes of that master mind. He has been induced to do so from practical experience of the power which Allegory has, even in its humblest form, in interesting and instruct-

ing youth. And if his hopes in this respect, under the Divine blessing, be in any degree realized in what follows, he will be willing to share in the censure which oft, not undeservedly, has fallen on a host of imitators, whose successive failures have only tended to demonstrate and enhance the value of the Great Original.

St. M——, 1850.

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The Great Journey.

CHAPTER I.

"Choose you, this day, whom ye will serve."—JOSHUA
xxiv. 15.

As I was walking along *the Highway of Time*, I came to a new *Milestone*; and being wearied with my journey, "I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a Dream."*

I dreamed! and, behold! methought I saw a wayfaring traveller, with a staff in his hand, and a burden on his back, setting out on a journey

* Pilgrim's Progress.

through a Valley, called *The Valley of Tears*. His aged parent followed him to his cottage door with many benedictions. He committed him to the Great Shepherd of Israel; and, warning him to "flee from the wrath to come," directed his footsteps to the *Celestial City*, whose shining gates terminated the Valley. "My Son!" were his parting words, "if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Walk not thou in the way of them; refrain thy foot from their path." Full of filial love, *Pilgrim* (for that was the name of the traveller) promised a dutiful obedience, and continued his solitary way.

Before proceeding far, he arrived at the outskirts of the forest, through which his path had, for some time, led. There he found himself in an open space, in sight of Two diverse Roads, where were gathered crowds of wayfarers, varying in outward appearance; but whom he at once concluded to be fellow-travellers in the same great *Journey of Life*.

As the footpath he had been hitherto following terminated here, and it was necessary to take one or other of the Roads, methought I saw him seated on a stone by the way-side, hesitating which of the two Entrances to select.

There was no difficulty in discovering which was the favourite. It was a *Broad* way, without any gate on it. It seemed, also, from its appearance, the pleasanter of the two. Shady trees were planted on either side; and the multitudes which were crowding into it, seemed light-hearted and happy, with little care on their countenances, or sorrow in their hearts.

The other way was very *Narrow*, and had a Strait Gate at its entrance; moreover, it was frequented only by a small number,—a few straggling travellers,—and many of these with tears in their eyes, and burdens on their backs. Among others, he noticed “a beggar, named Lazarus, lying at the gate full of sores,”—a lowly Publican, “standing afar off,”—a woman “who was a sinner,” bathed in tears, kneeling, and knocking as she wept, saying, “Lord! Lord! open unto me!”

“I never can think of joining these unhappy suppliants,” said *Pilgrim* to himself, as he rose and advanced in the direction of the Broad road. And yet, as he approached nearer the latter, he listened to sounds which made him tremble. Travellers, whose several names were *Drunkard*,

Liar, Swearer, Profligate, Infidel, Scoffer, he found, were to be his companions. He called to mind words which had been impressed upon him by a Father's prayers: "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of Death!"

Now, I saw, that as he was preparing to retrace his steps, an individual from the crowd came up and accosted him. His name was *Deceiver*, a well-known character to all the *Broad-way men*, and one of the most Powerful Vassals of the Prince of Darkness.

"How now, good Traveller!" exclaimed he, in an apparently gentle voice; "I see thou art faint-hearted, as many before thee, in entering this *Broad-way*. Tell me the cause of thy fear.

"The way of the ungodly shall perish," replied *Pilgrim*, firmly. I had almost resolved to select it; but I see abundant reason now for preferring the other, narrow and deserted though it be. I shall at all events, make trial of that narrow entrance; and if it disappoint my expectations, it will be no difficult matter to retrace my steps."

"You mistake it, Ignorant Traveller," replied the other. "Once enter that gate, and there is no possibility of turning back. The determi-

nation once taken, can never be recalled. If you will only be persuaded to make trial of the *Broad way*, there is no necessity to pursue it farther than your inclination leads you."

"But how can I possibly enter with such company?" said *Pilgrim*.

"Good friend," said *Deceiver*, still assuming a tone of kindness, "you see the worst of the way at its commencement,—your companions will improve upon you as you advance. It is only because you are not accustomed to such company, that you feel averse to it. Moreover," continued he, "though there be one *entrance* to *Broad way*, there are many footpaths in it; and, if you have a dislike to the openly profane and vicious, there is no necessity you should walk in company with them. I shall introduce you to others more adapted to your taste.

In an unguarded moment, *Pilgrim* forgot his resolutions; and, under the guidance of *Deceiver*, was conducted till he arrived at a wicked gate, close under the wall which separated the two ways.

He thought he could not be wrong in attempting this pathway; and yet he could not forget, among the other warnings he had received, that

"many *Deceivers* were gone out into the World." But there was no room left for hesitation. He ere long discovered that he and his guide had been insensibly advancing, leaving the Entrance at a considerable distance behind. Fresh travellers had been coming in. As the footpath was narrow, he was unavoidably carried along with the press, and saw it would only expose him to ridicule, did he attempt to return.

Forgetful of past vows, he thus had resolutely turned from the *Way of Life*, and the further he proceeded the less did he feel the aversion to mingle in the company of the *Broad-way-men*, which he so strongly felt on his first entrance. The arrows of conviction, which had for long been discharged from some unseen bow, were now powerless. The prayers which his infant tongue had been taught to lisp had lost their charm. *Conscience*, the inward Monitor, whose voice was heard last and loudest above the din of passion, was hushed. The same tongue which had once been attuned to the hymn of praise, was now loud in the peal of godless merriment. The unhappy victim of a thousand lusts, had no leisure to inquire whither his footsteps were hurrying him. Eternity, with its hopes and

hazards, was forgotten. But, in an unexpected moment, these were to be flashed upon him!—the *Pit of Destruction* was at hand—and he was about to be summoned, without a note of preparation, to take his stand on its confines!

Now, I saw in my dream, that the shadows of evening were closing around, as *Pilgrim*, weak and exhausted, found himself at the mouth of a Valley. Precipitous rocks, on either side, frowned above his head, and cast an awful gloom on the path below; while a foaming river, dark and tempestuous, was hemmed in between their narrow ledges.—It was the *Valley of Death*!

As the forlorn traveller entered, a horror of great darkness came upon him. He recollected of being told of a Star—the Star of Bethlehem—which gave light and peace to those passing through; but he looked for it in vain; and the farther he advanced, the more intense was the gloom. And now the ground was heaving under his feet. Peals of thunder echoed from peak to peak; while the lightning's momentary glare only served to disclose to him that he was on his way to *Outer Darkness*! On reaching the end of the Valley, he witnessed, straight before him, columns of smoke and flame issuing from

the mouth of a Bottomless Pit. Shrieks and groans, too, resembling the cries of dying men, were carried to his ear,—“Verily, there was but a step between him and death!”

“What shall I do to be saved! What shall I do to be saved!” exclaimed the agonized man, making a hopeless effort to retrace his footsteps; but, from his weakness, he sunk exhausted to the ground. Awful was the spectacle which then presented itself. Hundreds around him were tumbling over the precipice, uttering wild imprecations; others, already in the gulph, sending up the vain entreaty for a single drop of water to cool their tongues. “O God! have mercy!” they cried; “save us from this place of torment! Our punishment is greater than we can bear.” *Pilgrim* had no time to gaze on the scene. The crowds from behind were pressing him, every moment, nearer the brink; and he would have been precipitated headlong into the flames, had there not been, within his reach, a ledge of projecting rock, which he grasped in the agonies of death. As he continued thus trembling by the side of the abyss, an individual approached, with a dark and gloomy countenance. His name was *Despair*, and a

smile of fiendish triumph was seated on his lips.

"Well, good traveller," said he, addressing *Pilgrim*, "thou hast well-nigh reached the end of thy journey. There is now but one step between thee and perdition, and the quicker that step is made, the better for thyself!"

"Oh! wretched man that I am!" said *Pilgrim*, uttering a shriek of agony; "is there no one who can deliver me from this abyss of death? Tell me, if thou hast any compassion on a miserable soul, is there no possible way of deliverance from such torments?"

"None, none," replied *Despair*; "there never was a traveller before thee who ventured to ask such a question; the moment you entered that Valley, your Eternity was lost!"

"Nay; but methinks," said *Pilgrim*, whose head was so stupified that he could scarce collect his thoughts to reply, "I once heard of one as undone as myself, called *Malefactor*, who stood shuddering where I now am, on this awful precipice; and just as he was about to plunge in, he cried out, in imploring accents, 'Lord, remember me!' and immediately a golden chain of grace was let down from heaven, and that day he was with Jesus in Paradise."

"That is but some dream of thine own, unhappy traveller," said *Despair*. "Had you thought of returning as you journeyed through the wilderness, or before you came in sight of the *Valley of Death*, some hope might have remained; but now, all possibility of escape is at an end. Besides, had the King of the Narrow-way desired your rescue, He would have stopped you long ere now; but since he has suffered you to proceed so far, it shows that He has no wish for you to turn; but desires your death."

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed a Stranger, arresting the arm of *Despair*, which had just grasped *Pilgrim*, to hurl him into the depths below; "I am sent by King Immanuel," said he, addressing *Pilgrim*, — "his minister and messenger to perishing sinners like thyself. Hear, and your soul shall live!"

"The chief of sinners! the chief of sinners!" cried the agonized man, first smiting on his bosom, and then pointing to the gulph beneath; "there can be nothing for me but this same fearful looking for of vengeance and fiery indignation, which I see devouring the adversaries of God. What else can I expect, who have been

treasuring up for myself wrath against the day of wrath?"

"While there is life there is hope," said the other. "I am an ambassador from the court of Immanuel. I carry with me a treaty of peace. Here are the articles of treaty," he continued, unfolding *the Gospel roll*, which he carried under his arm. "And now, as an ambassador for Christ, I pray you, in His stead, be ye reconciled unto God."

"Alas! alas!" responded *Pilgrim*, in plaintive accents, "thy scroll can contain nothing for me but lamentation, and mourning, and woe. I am a sinner to the very *uttermost*, and my wages are eternal death!"

"Listen," said the other, "to what the *Lord Immanuel* has to say to thee." Now I saw upon this that the messenger opened the roll of parchment, and read to *Pilgrim* as follows:—

"I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth; but far rather that he would turn from his wickedness and live. Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die? I am able to save even to the *very uttermost*."

"Salvation to *the uttermost*!" cried the desponding man,—the amazing accents sounding

like music in his ear ; "can it be, that there is still 'forgiveness with God, that he may be feared?'"

"With the Lord," replied the other, "there is mercy, and plenteous redemption. It is, indeed, of His mercies thou art not consumed ; for He might justly have sworn in His wrath that thou shouldst never enter into His rest. But He sends me to bring thee back from the gates of Death, and to proclaim, that it is still 'a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that the *Lord Immanuel* came into the world to save sinners, of whom thou art the chief.'"

"The chief! the chief, indeed!" again cried *Pilgrim*, "for mine iniquities have gone over mine head ; they are more than the hairs of my head ; therefore, my heart faileth me. Am I not a brand plucked from the burning?"

Methought *Despair* made one remaining effort to push *Pilgrim* off the rock, and plunge him into the gulph beneath. But the servant of the *Lord Immanuel* caught him ; and he had only consciousness remaining to feel the arms of his deliverer thrown around him, and conveying him to an unknown place of safety.



CHAPTER II.

"This is the gate of the Lord, into which the righteous shall enter."—PSALM xviii. 20.

METHOUGHT I again saw *Pilgrim* standing before the gate of the *Narrow-way*, soliciting admission. Above it were inscribed, in large

characters, the words, "KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED."

As he stood knocking, he beheld near him two men, who evidently purposed to be the companions of his journey; and yet there was something about their manner and appearance very unlike what he would have expected from those who were waiting for the opening of the gate. The one, whose name was *Procrastination*, was lying on the grass, half asleep, with his bundle and all its contents carelessly scattered around him. The other, called *Presumption*, was seated at the foot of a tree, humming the words of a song. At first, *Pilgrim* hesitated whether he would address them, but seeing no others with whom he could enter into converse, he accosted them thus:—

"You are intending travellers to Zion, good friends, I presume."

"We are," replied the strangers.

"Then it is probable we shall journey together," continued *Pilgrim*; provided you have no objections I share your company.

"That depends very much," said *Procrastination*, elevating himself, "if your taste corresponds with ours. From our past experience, there are

few of the *Narrow-way* travellers who feel disposed to make our acquaintance; and if I may judge from the way in which you were just now knocking at the gate, there is no great likelihood you will prove an exception."

"I suppose we are at one," replied *Pilgrim*, "in our desire to escape as fast as possible from this place of danger, and get inside the gate?"

"True," said *Procrastination*, "It is my firm purpose to be a *Narrow-way* traveller, and at last to reach the New Jerusalem; but I am not, as yet, inclined to commence the journey. I have not recovered my former fatigues; and, before quitting my present resting-place, I must have 'a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep.'"

"I would have you consider well, fellow-traveller," answered *Pilgrim*, assuming a graver tone, "if it be safe to trifle any more of that time away which is soon to come to an end.—'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.' 'He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.' Beware lest, if you resign yourself to slumber now, you may sleep the sleep of death. It is surely time, nay, 'it is high time, to awake out of sleep!'" .

Procrastination made no reply,—merely waving his hand, and muttering, “Go thy way at this time; at a more convenient season I will think on these things.” He gradually sank down, resumed the position from which he had raised himself, folded his arms, and once more was steeped in slumber.

“You need be under no apprehension of our safety,” said his companion *Presumption*, addressing *Pilgrim*, “We have placed ourselves, as you see, close *beside* the gate. We are so near it, that we can enter at any time. I shall take care to keep watch for the coming of the Herald of judgment; and there is, as you say, just a few paces between us and safety.”

“Take care,” said *Pilgrim*, “that you be not deceiving yourself, when, ‘verily there may be but a step between you and death.’ If you wait till the Avenger of Blood be in sight, before the key be turned in the lock, he may cut you down. Besides, by presuming on the patience of the King of the Way, He may leave you to your fate, and ‘mock when your fear cometh.’”

“Ah! but I know,” replied *Presumption*, “that *Free Grace* keeps the keys of the gate; and he

never was yet known to reject a traveller that applied for admission."

"Not, indeed," said *Pilgrim*, "a traveller who seeks entrance there from love to the *Lord Immanuel*, but to one like yourself, who desires merely to elude the Avenger's sword, and escape coming wrath, I question if he would attend to your knockings."—"Hark!" said *Pilgrim*, as he heard the sound of footsteps from within, approaching the gate. They were accompanied by a voice, exclaiming, "Behold *now* is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation!" The bolts were drawn aside, and the bars unloosed. *Pilgrim*, with a heart throbbing with joy, as he saw the door about to be opened, once more urged the two indifferent travellers to cast in their lot with his; but they only repeated their former reply.

Seeing remonstrance was in vain, he eagerly ran up to the gate, exclaiming, "Whatsoever others do, as for me, I will serve the Lord!"

"Who stands without, knocking?" demanded a voice from within.

"A poor traveller," replied *Pilgrim*, "who received a warrant from the *Lord Immanuel* to apply at this gate for admission."

"What is thy name?" asked *Frees Grace*, the Keeper of the gate.

"My hereditary name is *Sinner*," said the other; my surname *Pilgrim*."

"What righteousness hast thou?"—"My righteousness," was the reply, "is as filthy rags."

"What plea, then," inquired the Keeper, "hast thou to offer?"—"None," said *Pilgrim*, "but this, that I am 'wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked:' but I have come here 'to buy of thee gold tried in the fire that I may be rich, and white raiment that I may be clothed, and have my eyes, which are still scorched with the glare of the pit, anointed with eye-salve, that I may see.' Be pleased to open unto me this gate of righteousness, that I may enter into it, and be safe."

"This way was made," replied the Keeper, "and this gate opened just for such sinners as you, 'Come in, thou weary, heavy-laden one, and the *Lord Immanuel* will give thee rest.'" So saying, the gateway turned on its hinges, and disclosed to *Pilgrim* an aged man, with a benignant smile and heavenly expression on his countenance.

"For six thousand years," said he, "have I

stood at this gate, and been authorized by the *Lord of the Way* to fling it open to weary travellers; and He is as willing now to welcome them in, as when first it was opened. His love for sinners, the lapse of ages cannot diminish. 'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without?'"

Now, I saw that he conducted *Pilgrim* within the portico of the entrance. Immediately opposite the door of the lodge in which *Free Grace* dwelt, was a lake or fountain of water, surrounded with trees and shrubs, crowned with verdure of surpassing beauty, which were reflected in many hues of loveliness in its surface. Immediately behind, rose a temple, on the pinnacle of which was a winged cherub, called *Gospel*, with a trumpet in his hand, with which, at intervals, he sounded the proclamation, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" while a choir of youthful voices, from below, responded, "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

"Can this," inquired *Pilgrim* at *Free Grace*,
be the fountain which, a little ago, I heard
celebrated? Methought I listened to two com-
panies of travellers to Zion, when I was outside
the gate, thus singing, in response :—

(FIRST COMPANY.)

PILGRIMS! Hark! what heavenly chorus
Wakes the echoes of the sky!
What bright spirits these before us,
Through the blissful realms on high?

(SECOND COMPANY.)

Once they were in tribulation,
Sin obscured their bright array,
Till the Fountain of Salvation
Washed their guilty stains away.

(FIRST.)

Is that Fountain full as ever,
All alike still free to share?
Can we, guilty Sinners, never
Come too heavy-laden there?

(SECOND.)

Yes! come all whose souls are dreary,
Tossed with fears, with doubts distress'd;
Here is shelter for the weary.
To the heavy-laden, rest.

(BOTH.)

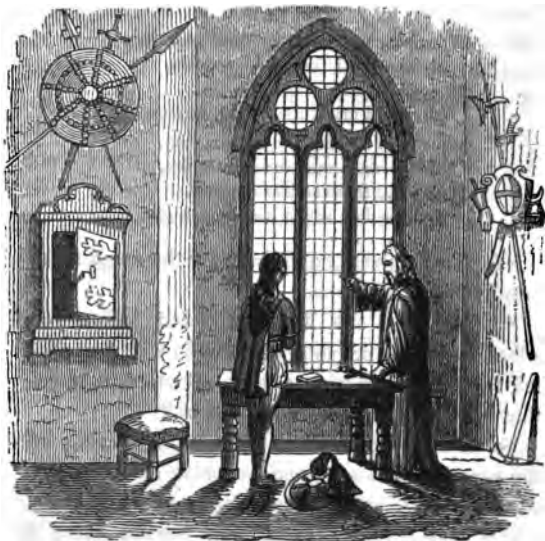
We come! we come! not one awanting,
Blessed Lord! our souls redeem,
Like the hart for water panting,
All would drink the Sacred Stream!
We come! to hear the joyous story,
And to wash our garments white,
Free to all these realms of glory,
Endless day, which knows no night.

"Is this," continued *Pilgrim*, "the same fountain?"

"It is," said the Keeper; "and before you advance farther on your journey, it will be needful for you to receive a suit of white raiment, that has been washed in its waters."

So saying, he assisted *Pilgrim* in tearing off the remains of his ragged covering of self-righteousness; and bringing out a robe of white linen, which was steeping there, and having dried it in the rays of the Sun, he arrayed him in it.

Pilgrim stooped over the fountain, and seeing his image reflected in it, he exclaimed, in a transport of holy joy, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness!"



CHAP. III.

“Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God.”—
EPH. vi. 13.

Now I saw, that the *Keeper*, followed by *Pilgrim*, entered his dwelling by the side of the gate; and they ascended together, by a long

winding stair, to a turret overlooking the rest of the buildings, and whose window commanded an extensive prospect of the whole *Narrow-way*. The walls of this chamber were hung with pieces of armour, and coats of mail, which, from their high polish, shone brilliantly in the morning sun. In the centre of the apartment stood a table, with some rolls of parchment lying upon it, and writing materials.

"Here it is," said *the Conductor*, "that travellers receive the whole armour of God, that they may be able to stand in the evil day. See," continued he, pointing to the walls around him, "how amply *the Lord of the way* has provided for the equipment of wayfarers; and, truly, this is not too much, considering what is before them."

"What!" said the other in astonishment, "methought when once within this gate, those enemies which infest *the Broad-way* would annoy its travellers no more."

"Ah!" said *Free Grace*, "thou wilt, ere long discover thy mistake. Even he who has been allowed to be the boldest champion that ever trod this way, when he reached the gate of heaven, was covered with the blood and dust of battle; and was oftentimes heard in the course of

his journey to exclaim, "Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

"But who *are* my enemies, then?" said *Pilgrim*; so that when they come upon me, I may be prepared to meet them."

"That I cannot tell," said *the Keeper*, "their name is Legion, for they are many. You will wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Their wiles and stratagems will be numerous; sometimes they will contend with you in open warfare; sometimes they will try to decoy you from your path; sometimes they will use flattery; sometimes deceit; sometimes threatening. Your great adversary the devil, you may encounter at one time in the form of an angel of light, at another, as a roaring lion."

"Alas!" exclaimed *Pilgrim*, greatly alarmed at what he had just heard, "if our foes be thus numerous, which of us can stand? I much fear," said he, with tremulous voice, "that I must resign the conflict."

"Yes, truly," said *the Keeper*, "if you went

the warfare on your charges ; but I should have told you, that the great Captain of your salvation, who has been made perfect through suffering, has trodden all the way before you. He has stopped the mouths of many ravenous lions ; quenched with His own blood the violence of many fires ; turned to flight the armies of many aliens ; through death, He has destroyed him that had the power of death, and dragged him in triumph, covered with wounds, at the wheels of His chariot. And now, having thus paved the way, He assures every desponding traveller, that if he only ' put on the whole armour of God, he will be able to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.' " So saying, *Free Grace* took down, one by one, the pieces of armour which hung round the walls of the *Prospect Chamber*, and assisted *Pilgrim* in girding them on. The first he presented to him was a large oval shield of burnished steel. On the front of it was inscribed a selection of the Divine promises ; and, in the inside, carved in larger characters, " FEAR NOT, FOR I AM WITH THEE ; BE NOT DISMAYED, FOR I AM THY GOD."

" This," said he, " is *the Shield of Faith*, burnished with the imputed righteousness of *the*

Lord Immanuel. So hard is its metal, that the missiles of your adversaries will rebound as they touch it, and be able to do you no harm. Here, again," continued he, "is another part of your panoply;" and he put a massive brazen Helmet on his head, whose plumes nodded over his brow. "This is called the *Helmet of Salvation*, wherewith to cover your head in the day of battle. And this," he continued, "is the *Breast-plate of Righteousness*. With it you will protect your heart, against which (being most vulnerable) the fiery darts of the wicked will frequently be directed."

"And here, again," said he, reaching his hand to a higher part of the wall, "here is a weapon offensive as well as defensive. It is the *Sword of the Spirit*, without which the rest of the armour would prove ineffectual."

So I saw that *the Keeper* drew out the naked weapon from its sheath. It gleamed flashes of light on the other pieces of armour. "Take this," said he, "in thine hand, and never let it go, until you be safe within the walls of the New Jerusalem."

"Will you be pleased," said *Pilgrim*, "to fasten the sheath by the girdle which surrounds my waist?"

"Not so," replied the other, "the sheath must remain with me; never can there be a moment in your journey when that sword can, with safety, be returned to its scabbard, and forsake the hand which grasps it."

"But how, then," inquired *Pilgrim*, "can I retain its polish, and keep, in their present brightness, the rest of my armour? If they have no covering or preservative, a few hours will corrode them, and render them unfit for use."

"Your remark is just," said *Free Grace*; "and I was about to supply you with what you desire." So I saw that he opened with a key which hung suspended by his side, an ancient oaken cupboard, from one of the shelves of which he brought down a *box*, carefully sealed. "Here," said he, "is a box of *polish*, which you must never omit morning and evening to use. It is called *Prayer*; and with it you will be able to keep bright and shining 'the whole armour of God.' Be careful, especially in seasons of peculiar danger and temptation, when the enemy is at hand, to keep rubbing your *shield*, so as to preserve its brilliancy, and not allow the rust to dim its lustre, or obliterate the promises inscribed on it. These," continued he, "form the prin-

cial part of your attire. Here, too, is the golden *Girdle of Truth*, to fasten round your waist; to which I shall presently attach a drinking-cup, by which you may refresh yourself at the fountains which you will find in the way. Also the *Sandals of Gospel peace*, which will preserve your feet from the rough and rugged stones scattered in your path. And this, last of all, is the *Ring of Adoption*," taking a richly-chased gem from his jewel-box, and putting it on the same hand with which *Pilgrim* held the shield, "this is the pledge of your sonship, the earnest of your admission into the royal family of heaven, and the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

"Behold!" said *Pilgrim*, in a transport of adoring wonder, as he listened to the last words which fell from the lips of *Free Grace*—"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon me, that *I* should be called the son of God!"

"Yes," replied the other, "it is a glorious privilege; the highest seraph in the *Celestial City* knows no higher. But remember, that though an adopted son, you are yet a far way off from your heavenly Father's house, and it becomes you now to prepare well for the journey before you. But come with me," said his *Conductor*,

“and ere you proceed, I shall point out, by means of this large telescope, the country through which your road lies, and the different landmarks which may serve to guide you in safety to *Mount Zion*.” So saying, he opened the window of the turret which led out to a little balcony, commanding an extensive prospect. Lofty mountains in the far distance, on the right and on the left, sparkled in the rays of the mid-day sun, while their undulating slopes were studded here and there with towns, villages, and hamlets; the whole forming one great valley, terminated by the blaze of glory, which hid from mortal vision the palaces of *Zion*. In the midst of this scene, a mountain soared majestically above the rest of the landscape; and *Pilgrim* observed with the naked eye, and more distinctly with the telescope, that the *Narrow-way* led directly up its steeps.

“This valley,” said *Free Grace*, “through which your path lies, is still the *Valley of Tears*,—a continuation of the same which was the place of your birth, bounded, as you see, by those bright portals, which no human eye has ever penetrated.”

Pilgrim endeavoured to direct the telescope to the Gate of Heaven. His eyes, however, could not endure the brightness; but, from the mo-

mentary glance, he caught a view of countless myriads of blessed spirits, arrayed in vestures of white, with harps in their hands, and crowns on their heads.

"Who are these," said he, "arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?"

"These are they," answered the other, "who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the waters of this same fountain; therefore are they now before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"And, methinks," said *Pilgrim*, still looking through the telescope, "that I see, ranged on its battlements, and on the turrets of its golden palaces, crowds of spectators, their eyes directed on this *Valley of Tears*, watching the travellers as they journey to *Zion*."

"These," replied the other, "are the redeemed from the earth—the patriarchs, and saints, and

prophets of former generations, who, 'through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises.' Their warfare is accomplished; but they still delight to follow the travellers they have left behind them. 'Wherefore, seeing you are also compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth more easily beset you, and run with patience the race that is set before you.'

"Then, from what you say, I may feel the assurance," said *Pilgrim*, laying aside the telescope, "that now that I am safe within the gate, God's covenanted love shall never be taken from me."

"See ye yonder colossal barriers?" said *the Keeper*, pointing to the distant mountains, with their tops resting amid the clouds, as if the emblems of immutability, "the *King of the way* has himself declared, that sooner shall these mountains depart, and these hills be removed, than His love be taken from you, or the covenant of His peace be removed."

"Blessed thought!" exclaimed *Pilgrim*; "enough, surely, to dispel every fear. But what else of the way?"

"Not to detain you, then, said *Free Grace*,

"After leaving this gate, continue to follow the *straight and narrow path*, without deviating to the right hand or to the left. Do not forsake it because of its becoming too narrow, or of its assuming a dreary and wilderness aspect. For was it not this which tempted you, at first, to stray down the *Broad road*, that there was no seeming beauty nor comeliness in the narrow one, to make it desirable?"

"True," replied *Pilgrim*; "I shall faithfully follow your directions."

"Well," continued the other, "prosecute this *narrow path*, till it brings you to the *Mount of Ordinances*. There you will find a lodging-place, prepared by the *Lord of the way* for the rest and refreshment of travellers, where you will receive further directions for prosecuting your journey."

On returning to the chamber, *the Keeper* took one of the rolls of parchment which lay on the table, and folding it carefully up, requested *Pilgrim* to deposit it in his bosom, underneath his breastplate. "This," said he, "is your *Passport and Charter*, written with blood, shed by *Immanuel*, the Son of the Highest, which will be demanded of you at the Gate of Heaven, and without which entrance cannot be obtained.

Many who, like yourself, wish to arrive at the *Celestial City* by a short way from the *Broad road*, try to avoid the *Narrow gate* by climbing over the wall; but, having no passport, when they arrive at the portals of *Mount Zion*, their plea is rejected, and all the toil of their pilgrimage goes for nothing."

Pilgrim on unfolding this charter of his spiritual privileges, found it to contain these amazing words,—

ALL IS YOURS !

THE WORLD IS YOURS.—LIFE IS YOURS.—

DEATH IS YOURS.—THINGS PRESENT ARE

YOURS.—THINGS TO COME ARE YOURS.—

YE ARE CHRIST'S.

Being now fully equipped, and ready for his journey, he descended, in company with his *Conductor*, the stair which led from the armoury. He was just about bidding *Free Grace* farewell, when the latter said, "Hark! do you hear that distant music?" — *Pilgrim* listened, and a melodious sound came floating on the breeze; but wafted from such a distance as to be scarcely audible.

"What anthem of triumph is that?" inquired *Pilgrim*.

"It is," replied the other, "the joy in heaven over another returning sinner! The first glimpse the Heavenly Watchmen, who crowd the battlements of Zion, caught of your burnished armour, was the signal for that burst of jubilee. Your entrance within the *Narrow gate* will not suffer a harp, this day, there to be silent."

Pilgrim felt greatly strengthened by such a thought; and his kind *Conductor*, once more pressing his hand, committed him to the keeping of the *King of the way*.

"The Lord be with thee," said he, still keeping his arms extended as he pronounced his benediction on the departing traveller, "The Lord be with thee and keep thee. The Lord cause his face to shine upon thee. The Lord give thee peace. The Lord be thy stay on thy right hand. The Lord suffer not the sun to smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord preserve thy soul from all evil. The Lord keep thy going out, and they coming in, from this time henceforth, even for evermore. Only be strong, and of good courage, and He will never fail thee, nor forsake thee!"

Then went *Pilgrim* on his way rejoicing, and saying, "The Lord is on my side, I will not fear

what man shall do unto me. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear. Who shall separate me from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?—nay, in all these things I shall be more than conqueror. Thanks be to God who giveth me the victory!"



CHAPTER IV.

“Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.”—

MATT. xxvi. 41.

Now I saw in my dream, that in obedience to the injunctions of the *Keeper* of the Gate, *Pilgrim*

continued his journey. Lofty trees spread their thick foliage over his head, brooks of water murmured at his side, and here and there, flowers, said to be transplanted from the gardens of the *Celestial City* by the *Lord of the Way*, filled the air with their fragrance.

But as he proceeded, the aspect of the road began to change; the path he had hitherto been following, became less defined. Sometimes it lay through a narrow ravine,—sometimes through marshy ground, or intersected with torrents of water,—sometimes it led up steep places, in the ascent of which, had it not been for the sandals with which *Free Grace* had provided him, he would frequently have slipped. He was even at times tempted to forget the strict directions he had received,—not to deviate from the straight road on account of its ruggedness. But whenever he did so, he had abundant reason to regret. I saw, indeed, on one occasion, in following one of these forbidden paths, that he stumbled, and lost one of his sandals. The shock made him fall with violence to the ground. His shield, too, rolled into the mud. But he forthwith opened his *box of polish* to restore its brightness. This he did on his bended knees, confessing, that “he

stumbled, being disobedient;" entreating that the *Lord of the Way* would show him the path wherein he should walk, and "lead him in the way everlasting."

Now, I saw that after advancing a considerable way, he was walking, at nightfall, through a secluded valley. As he paused, for a moment, to enjoy the quiet scene, his ear was arrested with the plaintive cries of a human voice at no great distance from the path. They were the accents of deep distress. He listened again, and heard the moanings as if of a dying man, accompanied with bitter lamentations. *Pilgrim* was possessed of a feeling heart, and he forthwith proceeded to the spot whence the low and melancholy sounds were heard. He had not advanced many steps before he perceived an individual whose similarity of dress revealed him to be a fellow-traveller. He lay covered with dust—blood trickled from a wound in his side—his sword was flung away from him, and he was uttering shrieks and cries. *Pilgrim* could only gather up in the interval between his sobs, the burden of his lamentation; and the man seemed, for long, unconscious of his presence. "Oh!" exclaimed the melancholy sufferer, as he wrung his hands

in agony, and then beat his breast, "Oh! that it were with me as in months past, when His candle shined upon my head, and when, by His light, I walked through darkness!"

"Alas! poor man," said *Pilgrim*, coming up to him and trying to comfort him, "what is the cause of thy deep dejection?"

The stranger made no reply, but continued to groan more bitterly, and cry more loudly, "The Lord hath forgotten to be gracious, and his tender mercies are clean gone for ever."

"What is thy name?" again asked *Pilgrim*,—the tear of heartfelt sympathy rolling down his own cheek.

"My name," said the other, startled by the unexpected feeling manifested by a stranger,— "my name is *Backslider*; and rightly have I been so called."

"How came you," said *Pilgrim*, "to lie here, in this bed of dust? Where is thy *Shield*?"

"I have thrown it away," replied the other, "because it is of no more use to me. You will find it there," continued he, pointing to a place covered with mud, a few yards from his side.

Pilgrim lifted up a plate of rusted metal, which he never could have recognized to be a

shield, once as brilliant and shining as that which he had in his own hand. The promises inscribed on it were either entirely effaced, or so covered with rust, as to be illegible.

"How camest thou," said he, as he returned with it to its former owner, "thus to throw away a weapon so indispensable to your safety, and suffer it to be thus corroded with rust? Did not *Free Grace* supply you at the *Narrow Gate* with *Prayer Polish* to keep bright your whole coat of armour?"

"He did! he did!" replied the agonized man,—the recollection of the fact extracting a deeper sigh from his bosom; "but last night, after I had climbed that steep rock you must have a little ago ascended, I felt so fatigued, that I lay down to sleep, omitting to polish my armour; and when I awoke in the morning, not only had the rust begun to cover it, but, lo! on examining my scrip, I found that, during the night, the *box of polish* had dropt out, and rolled down to the bottom of the precipice."

"But did you not return to recover it?" inquired *Pilgrim*.

"Alas! no," said *Backslider*. "I felt greatly disinclined again to descend the rock. Besides,

there is here close by me a bed of sand, with which I tried to remove the rust; and it seemed to answer the purpose so well, that I thought I could manage to dispense with my lost *polish*."

"Foolish traveller!" said *Pilgrim*, "to forget so soon the injunctions of the *Porter* at the gate. But how is it that you do not turn and recover it without delay?"

"Alas!" replied he, in a tone of deep despondency, "I cannot. I am so weak from the loss of blood, that I am utterly unable to rise."

"How came you to receive that wound?" inquired *Pilgrim*.

"I must tell you," said the other. "In an unguarded moment, when I ventured to lay my armour aside, an adversary, called '*Besetting Sin*,' took a deadly aim, and a poisoned arrow sped from his bow, and pierced my heart. For many hours I have been lying here, stretched on this couch of tears and blood, listening to nothing but the echo of my own piteous cries, unable to go even the length of that little brook to quench my parched tongue. Had the King of the road," continued he, "been intending to save me, He would, long ere now, have been at my succour; but 'my way is surely hid from the

Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God.' He is justly weary of me, and leaves me to perish."

"Nay, nay, poor sufferer," replied *Pilgrim*. "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail; but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.' 'Wait on the Lord, then; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord.'"

Now, I saw that *Pilgrim* ran and filled the silver drinking cup which had been given him at the gate, with the water of the adjoining brook. He put it to the man's pallid lips. He had no sooner tasted the refreshing draught, then a glow of new life suffused his countenance. His sunken eye revived, and was lighted up with returning animation.

"Whosoever," said the grateful sinner, as for the first time he spoke in a tone of calm composure, (the tear, not of sorrow, but of gratitude, starting to his eye,)—"whosoever giveth a cup of cold water to a fainting disciple, shall not lose his reward."

Pilgrim bathed his brow with the cooling draught, washed his wound, and staunched it, by applying some fresh linen, which had been given him by the *Keeper of the Gate*. He opened also his *Scrip*, and shared, with the reviving man, a part of the Bread of Life. Producing his *box of polish*, they united together in endeavouring to restore the corroded shield to its former brightness. Having assisted him in buckling on his coat of armour, and shaken off the remaining dust which adhered to it, he conducted, him, once more, to the *Narrow path* from which he had wandered. Here they separated. *Backslider* to return to recover his lost *polish*; *Pilgrim* to prosecute, without delay, his journey *Zionwards*.



CHAPTER V.

"The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous."—PSALM cxviii. 15.

Now I saw in my dream, that *Pilgrim* had entered a richer and more fertile country. The

mountains and valleys, which for some time he had been traversing, and many of which were bleak and sterile, were exchanged for a region waving with crops of great luxuriance, relieved, at times, with verdant meadows and wooded slopes. He arrived at a place shadowed, on either side, with trees of enormous size, whose umbrageous tops formed a noble archway over his head; and the high walls, which rose on either side, intimated that he was in the neighbourhood of some princely residence. He had not advanced far, when he observed the road was terminated by a gateway, surmounted with the arms of royalty. The gate was flung open for the free passage of travellers; and on inquiring at the lodge to whom it belonged, he was informed it was the *Palace of the Royal Psalmist of Israel*, who had made provision in his regal mansion, for the comfort and refreshment of way-farers to *Zion*.

Pilgrim had now been for some days without sleep, and he rejoiced at the prospect of approaching rest. As he walked along the avenue which led to the Palace, his ear caught melodious sounds proceeding from its walls. He stood for many minutes entranced with delight, as he

listened to the morning orison of praise, in which timbrel, and lute, and harp, and organ, seemed to have combined their richest harmonies, in summoning all nature to rise and do homage to its maker :—

Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord from the heavens! Praise Him in the heights! Praise ye Him, all His Angels! Praise ye Him, all His Hosts! Praise ye Him, Sun and Moon! Praise Him, all ye Stars of Light! Praise ye the Lord, from the earth, ye Dragons and all Deeps: Fire and Hail; Snow and Vapour; Stormy Wind fulfilling His word: Mountains, and all Hills; Fruitful Trees, and all Cedars: Beasts, and all Cattle; Creeping Things, and flying Fowl: Kings of the earth, and all People; Princes, and all Judges of the earth: Both Young Men and Maidens; Old Men and Children! Praise ye the Lord!

When the cadence of this anthem had died away, *Pilgrim* approached the entrance-door, and on knocking, a servant of the Palace welcomed him in. On entering, he found himself in the centre of a hall, built of the choicest timber from the cedar forests of Lebanon, and hung all round with the trophies of battle. On one side were many gleaming coats of mail, which had been taken as spoil from the giants of Philistia, several of which measured six cubits in

length. On the other he beheld the tawny hide of a lion, with the fleece of a little lamb by its side—the memorials of some hard worn encounter with this monarch of the forest. Also a few stones suspended in a sling, hung over an enormous javelin, whose staff was like a weaver's beam, and read the story of a bloody encounter, in which the prowess of some daring champion had been humbled by a few pebbles from the brook.

After gazing on these, *Pilgrim* was conducted by the attendant to the hall from which the music proceeded, and which still rolled on in solemn grandeur. When he entered, he beheld an aged monarch, his head silvered with years, seated on a golden throne, with a harp in his hand. Around him were collected groups of singers and choristers, performing on different instruments.

The Royal Psalmist cast a glance at the stranger, but without interrupting the sacred song, he beckoned on him to come and join their chorus. "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together. Come, ye that fear the Lord, and tell what He hath done for your soul."

"I sought the Lord," said *Pilgrim*, unable any longer to keep silence, "and He heard me, and delivered me out of all my fears. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

The Psalmist converted this into a new theme of thanksgiving, and again he awoke his harp-strings,—“This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.” “Oh! fear the Lord, ye His saints; for there is no want to them that fear Him. The young lions do lack and suffer hunger; but they that wait on the Lord shall not lack any good thing.” And then, turning to the bands of youthful choristers below, he continued his song,—“Come, ye children, hearken unto me, and I will teach you the fear of the Lord. What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile; depart from evil and do good. Seek peace, and pursue it.”

Sometimes a more plaintive chord was struck; and the recollection of bygone transgression coming before the mind of the aged monarch,

would draw a tear to his eye. At other times, not himself, but the triumphs of the *King of the Way* formed the burden of his song. "Thou hast ascended on high. Thou has led captivity captive. Thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." Or, as he followed the wheels of Messiah's chariot to the gates of heaven, he would sweep the strings with a bolder touch. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may come in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle! The Lord of Hosts! He is the King of Glory!"

At other moments, his eye, glowing with prophetic fire, would make the chords tell of the glories of a millennial morning, when, instead of a few solitary travellers, the *Narrow-way* would be crowded with *Pilgrims* to *Zion*, and the *Lord Immanuel* would be exalted to the throne of universal empire. "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth. They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before Him, and His enemies shall

lick the dust. The kings of Tarshish, and of the isles, shall bring presents. The kings of Seba and Sheba shall offer gifts. His name shall endure for ever. It shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in Him. All nations shall call Him blessed."

When these majestic notes had died away, *Pilgrim* was conducted by his attendant to a chamber in the palace, where he had prepared for him water to wash his feet, and refresh himself.

"How often does your Royal Master," inquired he, "engage in these exercises of devotion?"

"Seven times a-day," answered the other, "does he praise God, because of His righteous judgments. Often does he 'meditate upon Him in the night-watches,' and at midnight rises to give thanks to Him for His mercies!"

On his return to the banqueting-hall, he shared with the aged king "a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." Besides these, there was a plate of heavenly manna gathered in the pleasure-grounds of the palace. A jar full of the pure water from the *Fountain of Salvation*, and honey from the rocky sides of

Mount Pisgah, which, from the window rose full in view. When the banquet was finished, the Monarch poured some of the living water into the cup of salvation, saying, "Let us take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. Let us now pay our vows together, in the presence of His people."

I saw that the guest and his entertainer, as they continued sitting together, encouraged one another with sweet conversation touching the *Lord of the Way*, and the glories that were in keeping for his travellers. "Oh! what shall we render," exclaimed *Pilgrim*, bursting out into a transport of holy gratitude for the rich provision which was set before him,—“What shall we render unto God for all His benefits unto us?” “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!”

“I will sing!” exclaimed the other, “unto the Lord as long as I live. I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.” “Oh! how great is His goodness, which He has laid up for them that fear Him—which He has wrought for them that trust in Him before the sons of men!”

“The sorrows of death,” said *Pilgrim*, again

detailing the wonders God had done for him,—
“The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell got hold upon me. I found trouble and sorrow. Then I called upon the name of the Lord. O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.” “He delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling; and He hath now set me in a large place, and delivered me, because He delighted in me. He hath fed me also with the finest of the wheat; and with honey from the rock hath He satisfied me.” “Oh! that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works unto the children of men.”

“I have been young,” responded the aged monarch, detailing, in his turn, the experience of an eventful life,—“I have been young, and now am old; yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. Happy is he who hath the God of Jacob for his help; whose hope is in the Lord his God.”

With such themes of converse, the sweet *Psalmist of Israel*, and the weary traveller to Zion, regaled themselves at the close of the day. Night was beginning to close around them; and rock, and forest, and mountain, which were

spread before them in the extensive prospect from the window of the banqueting chamber, began to be enveloped in its sable covering. Soon after, the sky was bespangled with stars, and the silvery moon rose behind the lofty summit of *Mount Pisgah*. The Psalmist, with his harp in his hand, conducted *Pilgrim* out to a large balcony in front of the window. The harp-strings were once more awoke, and amid the stillness of night, the air was again vocal with strains of praise.

"The heavens," commenced the aged king, joining his voice with the music,—“The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth His handywork; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.” “When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?”

Their evening ascription of praise being ended, *Pilgrim* was again conducted to his sleeping apartment, where he mused in gratitude on all the goodness and mercy which had been made to pass before him; and having imparted a brighter than

ordinary polish to his armour, he cast himself on his couch, and closed his eyes in slumber. His sleep was crowded with dreams of the heavenly bliss of the preceding day; and he continued to enjoy his soothing rest undisturbed, until an early hour in the morning, when, once more, the soft cadence of the harp stole upon his ear. Raising himself from his pillow, he listened! It was the aged monarch already begun his orisons. The words reached him,—“My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord! in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.” “I laid me down and slept. I awaked, for the Lord sustained me! My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning. I say, more than they that do watch for the morning!” “When I awake, I am still with Thee!”

Pilgrim could joyfully have tarried many days on this spot of holy ground; but he saw it would be needful for him to prosecute his journey. He resolved, therefore, to set out without delay, in hopes that the morrow's dawn would find him on the summit of *Mount Pisgah*, across which his pathway led, and from whence he would obtain a nearer glimpse of the land of promise, and the

Celestial City. Accordingly, having girded on anew his armour, and bade his Royal entertainer an affectionate farewell, the aged Psalmist once more embraced his guest, and committing him to the keeping of the *King of the Way*, invoked on his harp a benediction on his departure,—“The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble ; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee, send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion. Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt-sacrifices. Grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.”

Pilgrim proceeded on his journey till the last faint sounds of the melody died away on the morning breeze. He was soon once more outside the gate in the depths of the forest ; but full of faith and full of hope, “he went on his way rejoicing !”



CHAP. VI.

“I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.”

Now I saw in my dream, that *Pilgrim* continued to pursue for many days, his path unobstructed; his heart filled with all “peace and joy in believing.” His way led through a rich undulating country—where quiet rivers wound their way through wooded knolls and verdant

meads. Shepherds and their flocks were every here and there reposing on the green meadows, or seeking shelter from the sultry heat amid the thickets which fringed the margin of the streams. *Pilgrim* delighted at times to enter into conversation with them, and often did they sing together words with which he had become familiar in the Palace of the sweet Psalmist of Israel,—“The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters, He restoreth my soul, He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His own name’s sake. But though now enjoying these successive periods of spiritual refreshment and joy, he was soon to be reminded of the great truth of which he had been forewarned by the Keeper of the gate, that the pathway to the *Celestial City* is one of “much tribulation.”

After advancing some days on his journey, he beheld in the distance, in the very centre of the *narrow way*, a large fire, resembling a blazing furnace. It was called, “*The Furnace of Affliction*.” On reaching it he trembled with fear,—his knees smote one against another,—the *Shield of Faith* fell with its face to the earth, and he

wrung his hands in despair. Standing with his eyes fastened on the ground, they happened to glance on the inside of his shield, on which he read the inscription,—“Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. When thou passest through the *Fire* thou shalt not be burned.” With this promise of the *Lord of the Way*, he tried to resume his courage, and made an effort to lift up his shield, which, from its fall, was covered with the mire of the road. But his hand again fell powerless, and he himself sunk to the earth! Now I saw, as he thus lay fainting under the heat of the fire, and the thought of being obliged to pass through its flames, a stranger was seen approaching. It was a female figure, clothed in a sable robe, with a meek expression on her countenance. Her name was *Resignation*. She came up with slow and silent step, and addressed *Pilgrim* thus,—

“Think it not strange, afflicted traveller, concerning this fiery trial that is to try you; as if some strange thing happened unto you; but rather rejoice.”

“How can I rejoice,” said *Pilgrim*, “his voice quivering as he spoke, “to plunge into tormenting flames?”

"Nay, nay," replied *Resignation*. "Thou mightest have known, that the *Lord of the Way*, whose nature and whose name is Love, would never have placed *that* on His path which would destroy those He has bought with His own blood"

"Is it not the property of fire," replied *Pilgrim*, "to destroy?"

"Yes," said the other, "there are fires for destruction, but there are fires for purification also. The flames in the bottomless pit, which once thou sawest, were flames to consume; but these," continued she, pointing to the furnace before her, "are flames to refine. And the light sufferings they inflict, which are 'but for a moment, will work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'"

"But," said *Pilgrim*, "I have no strength of my own for passing through this awful furnace!"

"Fear not," replied *Resignation*; "the *Lord of the Way* has promised to 'perfect His strength in your weakness.' Nay," said she, pointing to the centre of the flames, "see ye not in the midst of that burning fiery furnace one like unto the Son of God? Immanuel Himself, who was 'made perfect' through a furnace of suffering,

more scorching far than this, waits to conduct you through. Only be strong, and of a good courage; gird on your armour, walk boldly forward, and a hair of your head shall not be singed."

"But," continued *Pilgrim*, his faith still wavering, "is there no bye-road, which the King has provided by which travellers may avoid this great and unnecessary evil?"

"Call it not unnecessary, faithless one," said the other; "had you not in your trepidation, thrown away your shield among the mud of the way, you would have read as one of the sweetest of all the promises inscribed there,—'I afflict not willingly, nor grieve the children of men.' The King of Zion has a 'Need be' in every trial which He makes to cross His people's path. That fiery furnace would never have been there, could it have been spared."

So saying, *Resignation* lifted up the shield from the mud. She applied to *Pilgrim* for the *prayer-polish* to restore its brightness, and recover to view the many obliterated promises which covered its face. He sprung up from his posture of weakness, and once more assayed his armour. "It is deep ingratitude in me," said he, ad-

dressing the stranger, "thus to distrust the *Lord of the Way*, when I remember what great things He hath done for me in times past; and therefore, now I shall resolutely 'go in the strength of the Lord God.' 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'"

"Now I saw that *Pilgrim* immediately rushed into the midst of the furnace, *Resignation* following him. He uttered a few cries from their smartings; but He whose form he had seen in the midst of the fires, supported him with His arm, divided the flames before Him, and whispered words of peace in his ear. He gave him some ointment called "*Grace*," to enable him to bear the pain, and put a bracelet on his arm, as another pledge of adoption; on which *Pilgrim* afterwards found the inscription,—"*Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.*"

Moreover, with a censer full of much incense which he held in his hand, he perfumed his person and gave a perpetual efficacy to the Prayer-polish. And after pointing him upwards to the top of the *Mount of Ordinances*, saying, "There I will meet with thee and commune with thee from off the Mercy Seat," he vanished out of his sight.

No sooner had *Pilgrim* come forth from the furnace, than he broke out into a song of triumphant joy: "It was good for me that I passed through these fires of affliction. God has been my refuge and strength,—a very present help in this time of trouble." "Thou hast upholden me by thy right hand." When I said, "My foot slippeth, Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up." "Heart and flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever!"

Looking to his armour, it shone with a greater lustre, the plumes of his helmet, which had lost their original hues by being covered with the dust of the way, were purified; his sword bedimmed by long exposure, gleamed with fresh brilliancy, the rust contracted in the plates of his armour was removed by the flames. He himself had acquired fresh ardour for his journey; and memory long continued to cherish the furnace as a place of "reviving and refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

It was now evening, and he was approaching the base of *Mount Pisgah*; the full moon had again risen on its rocky steep, and vied with the fires he had just left behind him, in lighting up his pilgrimage path. *Resignation*, before parting,

directed him on the way. And though the mountain was lofty, and almost precipitous, he felt such enlargement of heart that, ere long, he found himself in safety on the summit. The pale moon-beams just shed sufficient light to conduct him to a grotto hollowed out in the rock, where a natural couch was formed. On this, after covering himself carefully with his shield, he flung himself down to rest, and in a few minutes his eyes were closed in slumber, not without a longing expectation of the prospect awaiting him on the approaching morning.

Now I saw in my dream, that when the morning light began to break, *Pilgrim* started from his couch, and having carefully polished his armour, and buckled it on, he came out of the grotto which had formed his nightly resting-place. The sun was pouring a flood of light on the valley at his feet, and which, in the far distance, was terminated by the glittering palaces of *Mount Zion*.

Behind him lay the long road he had lately traversed, with its varied landscape of forest and mountain. When he thought of the ways by which the Lord had led him—of the difficulties he had overcome, the enemies he had vanquished,

the seasons of refreshment he had enjoyed—he could not refrain following the example of other travellers, by setting up a stone of remembrance at the mouth of his grotto, with this inscription, “Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.”

Never, as yet, during the course of his journey, did *Pilgrim* feel such enlargement as here. The previous night of weeping and affliction, was well worth enduring, on account of the joy that now came in the morning. The pure atmosphere he breathed, far above the vapours which overhung the path below, gave him a buoyancy of spirit, to which before he had been a stranger. Nor could he forget, that much of this holy joy he owed to the refining furnace, through which he had so lately passed, and which at the time had appeared so terrible.

Now I saw that he repaired to an eminence which, being immediately adjoining, often gave its name to the entire mountain. It was called the *Mount of Ordinances*. Here he found an arbour erected for the refreshment of travellers, hollowed out of the living rock, blooming with flowers of varied loveliness, which had been transplanted by the *King of the Way* from the

gardens of the *Celestial City*. On a little table in the centre, was placed some bread and wine, of which travellers were invited to partake, as memorials of His dying love, as well as for the nourishment of their own souls.

The words were chiselled on the rock, above the entrance, "Do this in remembrance of me." On entering, he found himself welcomed by a servant of the *Lord Immanuel*, with the Gospel Roll in his hand. "Welcome," said the latter, "to this gracious feast the *Lord of the Way* hath provided for thee,—'Eat, drink! Yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!'"

Pilgrim gladly partook of the gracious provision. "Surely," exclaimed he, as he broke in his hands the heavenly manna, "surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not; this is none other than the house of God; this is the very gate of heaven!"

"The Great Captain of your salvation," said the other, "delights to meet thee on this holy ground of Communion; and in these emblems gives thee tokens of His love, and pledges that that love shall never be withdrawn. Here thirsty travellers are refreshed, troubled ones

comforted, the downcast revived, and the weary and heavy-laden obtain rest."

" ' Lord, evermore,' " exclaimed *Pilgrim*, as he continued to partake of the feast spread before him; ' Lord, evermore give me this bread!' I have more joy than the men of the world have, even when their corn, and their wine, and their oil, do most abound; for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded, that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him!"

" *The Lord Immanuel*," continued the other, " desires to make this not only a place of *Commemoration*, but a place of *Covenant*. While He seeks that these memorials should remind you of His dying love, He desires you also to renew here your covenant engagements, to be His only, and His wholly, and His for ever!"

Then did *Pilgrim*, rising from the table, and lifting up his hands, sware by Him who liveth for ever and ever, that " whatsoever others do, as for him he would serve the Lord!"

" I have sworn," said he, ' and will perform.' ' Who shall separate me from the love of Christ?' I will follow Thee, O Great Captain of my salvation, whithersoever Thou seest meet to lead me, — ' where Thou goest I will go, and where Thou

dwellest I will dwell; Thy people shall be my people.' Yea, death itself shall not separate between Thee and me!"

"*The Lord Immanuel*," replied the other, "accepts the vows thy lips have uttered, and by these outward tokens, ratifies, on His part, all the blessings of the *Covenant*." So saying, methought I saw the ambassador of Christ taking the charter which *Pilgrim* had received from *Free Grace*, and sealed it afresh with a golden seal, or signet; the motto on which was, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of Life!"

Sweet and precious to *Pilgrim* were these moments of intercourse on the *Mount of Ordinances*. Often would he interrupt the conversation, and exclaim, "Lord! it is good for me to be here!" At last they began to descend the mountain path,—the Lord's ambassador embracing him, and exhorting him to run with patience the race still before him. "What time soever," said he, "your heart is overwhelmed, and in perplexity, look back to this *Mount of Ordinances*, and remember the glorious things which you there saw and heard."

"What!" said *Pilgrim*, in astonishment, "do

you speak of sorrow, and perplexity, and darkness, as yet awaiting me! Methinks this holy joy, which now I feel, can never be clouded. No man will ever be able to take it from me."

"Alas!" replied the other, "you know little of the pilgrimage in which you are engaged, if you suppose your struggles and conflicts at an end. See ye," continued he, pointing to the golden towers of the *New Jerusalem*,—"see ye yonder shining battlements? never shall your spiritual joys be complete, never shall your conflicts cease, until you are safe within its gates!" This season you have now enjoyed, is only a transient foretaste to refresh your spirit. It would not be well were it otherwise. Were no cloud to disturb your present joys, it would lead you to forget your dependence on an arm stronger than your own, and to think you had strength when you have none. No, no; you must not yet speak of *rest*,—that is not a word for earth. It is known only in heaven. Often still in this Vale of Tears will you be covered with the blood and scars of battle. Can you not, even now," continued he, pointing to a remote part of the landscape, "discern that dense smoke? There lies the *City of Carnality*, the chief stronghold of

the *Prince of Darkness*, wherein many a hapless traveller has perished. The *Narrow-way* lies right through its streets, and its inhabitants, who are known by the name of '*Worldlings*,' will lay wait for you, and try to sift you as wheat. But fear not. The *Lord of the Way* will be with you. He has prayed for you, that your faith fail not. His grace will be made sufficient for you ; only be strong, and of a good courage, and the rest that remains for you within the gates of *Zion*, will be all the sweeter and more refreshing, by reason of the conflicts which have preceded it."

So saying, he pronounced his benediction of peace, and *Pilgrim*, with tears of mingled joy and sorrow, parted from him to prosecute his journey. He felt this season of communion an earnest of what was awaiting him within the gates of the *Celestial City*, when he would be for ever with Christ. Full of thankfulness, he went on his way praising and blessing God for all the things which he had heard and seen, singing as he went along, one of the loveliest of those songs, which had been taught him by the Sweet Psalmist of Israel :—

"O send Thy light forth and Thy truth,
Let them be guides to me;
And bring me to Thy holy hill,
Ev'n where Thy dwellings be.

"Then will I to God's altar go,
To God my chiefest joy;
Yea, God, my God, Thy name to praise,
My harp I will employ.

"Why art thou, then, cast down, my soul?
What should discourage thee?
And why with vexing thoughts art thou
Disquieted in me?

"Still trust in God; for Him to praise
Good cause I yet shall have:
He of my count'nance is the health,
My God that doth me save."



CHAP. VII.

“Blessed be ye poor.”—LUKE vi. 20.

Now, I saw in my dream, that as evening drew on *Pilgrim* was desirous of pausing at the nearest resting-place to obtain lodging for the night. Wreaths of smoke ascending in the evening sky, directed him to a village in the distance, embosomed in wood. The last beams of the sun were lighting up its humble abodes as he approached. Here and there, the lights in the little oriel windows, blending with the lin-

gering sunbeams, proclaimed the return of the peasant from his toil ; while, at times, the simple notes of the evening hymn of praise wafted to his ear the melody of pious hearts.

Approaching the first cottage of the hamlet by a wicket-gate, where the hum of the bee mingled with the perfume of pleasant flowers, he knocked and solicited admission.

"Who stands without?" demanded a gentle voice from within.

"A traveller to Mount Zion," replied the other, "who is fleeing from the 'wrath to come;' and claims, from a stranger, that hospitality which was never denied by one humble follower of the *Lord Immanuel* to another."

"Neither shall it be so now," said the other, unbarring the door, and disclosing the figure of an aged female, simply attired. Her name was *Poverty*, and a little handmaid, called *Contentment*, shared with her the frugal comforts of her lot. On the entrance, above the door-way, he observed these words inscribed,—

"A little that a just man hath, is better
Than the riches of many wicked."

Now, I saw that after assisting *Pilgrim* to wash his feet, and providing him with necessary

refreshment, they entered into mutual converse about their respective history and condition.

"You seem," said *Pilgrim*, addressing the elder of the two, "to be strangers to many outward comforts; and yet, methinks, happier disciples of the Lord Immanuel I have not seen in the course of my journey."

"We are poor in this world," replied *Poverty*; "but God has made us to be rich in Faith, and heirs together of the Kingdom of heaven! I feel, that in this Village of *Godliness*, with my handmaid *Contentment*, I have 'great gain.' 'Let the rich man glory in his riches, let the wise man glory in his wisdom, let the mighty man glory in his might; but God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ.'"

"But methinks," said *Pilgrim*, "I remember one of your name, perchance a kinsman of your own, a Broad-way traveller, who seemed of all men the most miserable. He was accompanied by two associates, called *Improvvidence* and *Vice*, and was an object of abhorrence even to the worst of the Broad-way-men?"

"Alas!" replied the other, "If bereft of *God*, I would be bereft indeed; no condition is there more pitiable than godless poverty, none more

blessed than poverty when sanctified. 'The Lord is my portion,' and I feel I need no other portion. In Him I have riches outweighing the wealth of worlds!"

"Enviably lot!" said *Pilgrim*. "You also seem to be blest with devout neighbours; but if poor as thyself, I see not how, in the midst of their daily toil, they can find time for the service of the Lord Immanuel?"

"Where there is a will, there is a way," replied the other. "You will generally find the man who is most diligent in business, to be most fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Besides, in our lowly estate, as there are fewer prizes which worldly ambition holds out to us, we have greater inducement to seek our treasure in heaven; we have fewer of the 'many things' about which to be 'careful and troubled,' and have more leisure to think of the 'one thing needful.'"

"Methinks, also, in that precious Volume," continued *Pilgrim*, pointing to the immortal pages lying open on the table, "Methinks, in that Great Guide-Book to Immanuel's land, you will find much to make you rejoice that this lowly lot has been yours."

"Yes, indeed," replied she, "our lot is a

blessed one, inasmuch as in its very lowliness we are like our Divine Master. The Lord Immanuel was himself a *Poor Man*. For our sakes He became poor. 'Is not this,' was the reproach cast upon Him, 'the Carpenter's Son?' So poor, that 'while the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, the Son of Man had nowhere to lay His head.' Oh!" she continued, the thought lighting up her countenance, "What a consolation to the downcast child of God, struggling with penury, to think that she fares no worse than her Heavenly Master did? I can look up to the right hand of God, and feel that *there*, there is one who can enter into my every feeling; for, 'although He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor.'"

"Most true," said *Pilgrim*. "Besides, I have always thought it one of the wonders of that Sacred Volume," pointing to the great treasury of grace at their side, "that it is emphatically the *poor man's book*."

"Yes, verily," replied *Poverty*, "while it contains truths the noblest and sublimest, it contains truths so plain and simple, that the humblest can understand them. The poor man meets there with his own character. He finds himself, when

he reads of prophets and apostles, and of the Lord of Apostles, that he is following the footsteps of the poor. Thus he sees, that poverty can have no disgrace, for it was honoured and sanctified by the Lord Immanuel Himself, who chose it as His only birthright."

Thus *Pilgrim* continued his conversation with the humble strangers, till the fatigues of the day induced him to retire to rest. As morning dawned, he once more resumed his journey, leaving behind him a memorial of his gratitude for the kindness bestowed on him, and receiving, in recompense, the parting benediction of grateful hearts, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor."

Now, I saw in my dream, that he pursued his journey without interruption till night-fall. His path led at first through a succession of wooded glades, intersected with bogs and quagmires. As he proceeded, the country began to have few traces of human habitations, until even a shepherd and his flock were rarely seen to relieve the solitude; and the only refreshment he himself could obtain, was at the streams of water which murmured at his side. As the shadows of evening began to fall, he arrived at a secluded place in the centre of a forest,

where was a large building called "*The King's Hospital*." Thither travellers who had grown weak or faint, or been wounded by the way, resorted for cure to "*the Great Physician*," by which name the Lord Immanuel was here known. Nor was it confined to *Narrow-way-men* only; occasionally some *Broad-way* travellers, wounded by the arrows of conviction, or fainting under trial, sought shelter in it. But, in their case, the residence was brief; for, not submitting to the Physician's cure, and preferring false ones of their own, they soon returned to the way of destruction.

Now I saw that one of the servants of *the Great Physician* conducted *Pilgrim* to a large hall in the *Hospital*, filled with beds and couches, on which the sick and wounded were laid. Some of these were groaning heavily; others were lying with pallid lips and sunken eyes, scarce able to endure the feeble light admitted from above; others cast an imploring look of mercy towards the door as they saw the stranger enter.

"We shall go," said the conductor, "first to the ward where the more hopeless patients are laid. They are *Broadway-men*, driven here by fear, or often by the stunning blow of trial, to

take temporary refuge; but 'they endure only for a while.' Their hearts get hardened, and the latter end is worse with them than the beginning! But follow me," continued he, "perchance the admonition of a *Narrow-way* traveller, like yourself, may induce them to think of their awful peril and danger."

The first bed-side at which they stood was that of a patient called *Self-Righteousness*. "This," said *Pilgrim's* guide, "is a man who now fancies himself 'rich and having need of nothing,' whereas you see he is 'wretched, and miserable, and naked.'"

On approaching his couch, the attendant offered him some white linen, which had been prescribed by the *Great Physician*, to staunch the blood flowing from a wound in his side; but the other tore it away, and persisted, instead, to bind it with some squalid rags scattered on his pillow.

In the same recess was a patient of the same name. He was not, like the other, laid on a couch, but was pacing, with haughty air, the floor of the hall in which he was confined. A hectic flush suffused his face,—such as deceives the consumptive patient when he mistakes, for a sign of returning health, the token of death. His

miserable dress was here and there relieved by a bright patch, or gaudy tinsel, which only made the rest appear more wretched. "There," said the conductor, "is a deluded maniac, who fancies himself the heir of a kingdom, while he is the most miserable of beggars."

Now I saw that *Faithful*, (for that was the name of the attendant,) approaching, invited *Self-Righteousness* to come to the opposite side of the apartment, where was a large mirror, called the "*Mirror of the Law*," into which he urged him, in vain, to look. "This," continued he, addressing *Pilgrim*, "is the grand means of disclosing to such patients their real condition. So long as they continue 'measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves,' there is little hope of recovery. But by this *Law Mirror*, they obtain a 'knowledge of sin,' and become convinced, that unless they have another clothing of righteousness than their own, 'they will, in no case, enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Among others, there was one of great celebrity in the *narrow-way*, who, for long, glorified in his rags of *self-righteousness*; but no sooner did he stand before that *Law Mirror*, than, bursting into tears, he exclaimed,

‘I was alive once, before I came to that mirror; but when its reflection showed me my vileness, sin revived, and I found myself to be spiritually dead.’ ”

Passing on from these, *Pilgrim* and his conductor stood by an adjoining couch, where was a patient, whose name was *Indifference*. His countenance bore a still more ghastly appearance than those they had already witnessed. His pale cheek and languid eye revealed death to be at hand.

“Thou art madly trifling with thine eternal all!” said *Faithful*, unwilling to pass the couch of the deluded man without a word of admonition. “Thou art hovering on the confines of two worlds!” Dost thou not consider that the breath of thy nostrils is all that is between thee and the bar of God?” But, reckless of his situation, he smiled at the fears of his attendants,—received with cold and heartless concern the warnings sent him by *the Great Physician*, and turning himself on his pillow, pursued his idle song.

At his side, lay a miserable man, named *Despair*, a painful contrast to the other. He was not, like him, insensible to his condition. On the contrary, his groans and cries rung piteously through the hall. *Pilgrim’s* attendant attempted

once and again to mix a soothing draught, and present it to his lips, which would have ministered to him immediate relief; but he dashed it to the ground, wringing his hands, and exclaiming, "Undone! undone!" *Faithful* sought to remonstrate. He assured him that still there was hope; for in representing his case to the *Great Physician*, he had received the reply: "I have no pleasure in his death; but far rather that he would turn and live."

"No," replied the agonized sufferer, "the medicine which might heal others can be of no avail for me. Let the footsteps of death approach when they may, my doom is sealed,—to dream of recovery is vain."

"Neither thy name nor thy language, unhappy man," said *Pilgrim*, "should be heard here. *Despair* is not a word for earth. It is known only in the bottomless pit. *Giant Despair* is the gloomy Warder of that place where hope never enters; and it is only when he turns his key, and leaves you in the blackness of eternal darkness, that you can disbelieve the efficacy of the *Great Physician*. He is now able to save 'even to the uttermost.' Where is the patient He has either failed or refused to cure?"

But the man would not listen to expostulation. He wrapped himself in his bed-clothes, again wrung his hands, and cried louder than ever, "Lost! lost! lost!"

Now I saw that they next stood at the couch of a patient called *Procrastination*, a kinsman of the traveller *Pilgrim* met outside the narrow-way gate. He was laid on his back, breathing heavily, and the symptoms of death were fast gathering round his pillow. "This," said the conductor, "is an example of the folly of delaying to adopt the prescribed remedy. Here is a man who received a wound, which he considered too trifling to demand attention. He urged one night's delay. But delay has only aggravated the suffering. The fatal symptoms increase, and now the venom has spread through the whole hand."

"Poor patient!" continued *Faithful*, addressing the sufferer, "will it not be better far for thee, if thy right hand offend thee, to cut it off, and cast it from thee, and to enter into life maimed, than that thy whole body be cast into hell fire?"

"Yet one other night," feebly whispered the other, "and to-morrow I promise to submit."

"To-morrow," said the conductor, "may come;

but come too late. To-day, if you will hear the voice of the *Great Physician*, harden not your heart. Behold! now is the accepted time; for, be assured, by another night, your pulse will be still, and you will be beyond the reach alike of physician and cure."

"Well," perchance," replied the other, (unwilling to offend, and yet reluctant to submit,) "perchance, ere evening comes, I may consent; but 'go thy way, at least for this time; at a more convenient season I will call for thee.'" So saying, he once more closed his eyes, and left *Pilgrim* and his guide to pursue their way.

Besides these, there were other sufferers of a different, though more hopeful kind. In a retired part of the hall, dimly lighted by a grated window, *Pilgrim* beheld a patient, who, although he had been renewed in the spirit of his mind, nevertheless seemed as much in distress as many of the others. He observed that a lifeless corpse (as was the manner with condemned criminals of old) was fastened, by an iron chain, to his body. This he had been obliged to drag behind him during a great part of the *narrow-way*. But the weight was so great, that he had been compelled to take refuge, for a few days, in the

Hospital, to recruit his languid frame. The dead body appeared in a putrid state, loathsome to look upon, ever and anon extorting from the sufferer the plaintive cry, "Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?"

"How is it," inquired *Pilgrim*, addressing him, "that you have come to be subjected to such an incumbrance?"

"This," replied the other, "is called *Original Sin*. Its weight, as you may well believe, forms a fearful drag in pursuing my journey. So much so that, at times, I am tempted to resign the struggle; and yet, they tell me, that though it be gradually wasting away, I cannot expect it to be finally removed, until safe within the *Celestial City*."

"But cannot the *Lord of the way*," inquired *Pilgrim*, "at once afford you liberty, by breaking these chains which bind you to this lifeless body?"

"Yes," replied the other, His power and His compassion are equally boundless; but He tells me that the remains of original sin will continue to cleave to my earthly nature till the day which brings me safe within the gates of *Mount Zion*."

"What were the reasons He assigned for this?" continued *Pilgrim*.

"They were various," answered the other. "To keep me mindful, that this *Valley of Tears* is not my home; and to make me long for that land where the chains of corruption which fetter the spirit here, can shackle and impair its energies no more. Also to preserve an habitual sense of my own weakness and dependence on *the Great Physician*. But," continued he,—a gleam of joy brightening his countenance,—“the heavier the irons in the prison-house of earth, the sweeter the liberty of heaven. In this tabernacle, I groan, being burdened; but it is my consolation to think, that that body of sin and death will be unknown when once safe within yonder walls. Oh! for the arrival of that blessed hour, when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality, and mortality shall be swallowed up in life!”



CHAP. VIII.

“To die is gain.”—PHIL. i. 21.

Now I saw in my dream, that *Pilgrim* was conducted by *Faithful* into an antechamber. “This,” said his guide, “is a room appropriate for aged and infirm travellers, who, on account of their years, are able to prosecute their journey no farther.”

On entering the apartment, he beheld an

individual whose locks were whitened with age. The armour, too, which the veteran warrior had still girded on, though bearing the marks of many hard encounters, had lost none of its brightness. His sword, though exhibiting a blunted edge, yet gleamed with a brilliancy as dazzling as on the day when it was unsheathed in the armoury at the *Narrow-gate*. *Pilgrim* just approached as the last tear the aged saint had to shed was standing in his eye. "It is enough," said he; "now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." A placid smile suffused his countenance—his eye was fixed on the gates of the *Celestial City*. While other objects around him were growing dim, this glorious vision seemed to be brightening. "Go on," said he, addressing the stranger, "go on this *Narrow-way* that leadeth unto life, and take the assurance of one who has trod it long, that it is a way of pleasantness, and a path of peace. 'I have fought a good fight,'" continued the departing Christian, raising himself once more, and the last glow of departing life beaming on his face, "'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, will

give me on that day.' We shall meet no more till we meet within the gates of yonder *Celestial City*. Farewell! farewell!" He muttered one parting groan, and next moment was sleeping sweetly in Jesus.

Now I saw, that angels were waiting with a chariot ready to carry him to the gates of *Mount Zion*. *Pilgrim* followed the bright retinue until the last of the train was lost in the glories which encompassed the *New Jerusalem*.

Returning again to the chamber they had just left, *Pilgrim* and his Conductor approached a patient whose name was *Sorrow*. She was arrayed in a sable mantle, with a tear on her cheek, refusing to be comforted. At her side sat *Resignation*, the same benevolent and pious female whom *Pilgrim* met in passing through the Fiery Furnace. She had a book in her hand, from whose pages she was endeavouring to soothe her companion, who sat brooding in silent dejection, over the wreck of some treasured earthly joys.

"This is one," said *Faithful*, "who dwelt, not long since, in a lovely arbour, near the *City of Carnality*. It was once trellised and adorned with some of the loveliest plants which the

Valley could supply. Shady gourds, combined with flowers of varied tints and fragrance, to spread a covering over her head and to form a defence from the noon-day sun. But, in an unexpected moment, a canker-worm preyed on their roots. One lovely bud alone survived when the rest had perished; but this, too, has just been plucked by the hand of Death, and now, as you see, lies blighted and withered at her feet. Her earthly flowers having perished, she has come here seeking the *Rose of Sharon* and the *Lily of the Valley*, to plant in their stead, and to have her bosom soothed with the *Balm of Gilead*, which she has heard the *Great Physician* applies to bleeding hearts."

Now I saw, that when *Pilgrim* approached, he heard *Resignation* singing in plaintive strains the following lines to her desolate companion:—

"Why weep for the beautiful flower,
As if premature plucked away?
Survived had its blossoms that hour,
'Twould have lived, but have lived to decay!

"But now it has left this cold scene,
To blossom in regions above,
Where no storm, where no clouds intervene,
To darken the sunshine of love!

"Oh! happy, thrice happy, the time,
When again ye shall meet, ne'er to sever,
With that flower, in that happier clime,
To bask in bright sunshine—for ever!"

"Yes," said *Resignation*, dwelling on the last words she had uttered; "wait till that day of cloudless sunshine, and in 'God's light you will see light.' Then will you be brought to confess that He was 'righteous in all His ways, and holy in all His works.'"

"His way,' indeed, seems to be 'in the sea,'" replied the other, "'and His path in the deep waters, and His judgments unsearchable.' But I know 'the *Lord of the way* doeth all things wisely and well.'"

"Yes; He will Himself be a richer portion than any earthly one. The Living Fountain will supply the broken cistern. He would lead you away from the perishable, and by these light afflictions work out for you a far more exceeding, even an eternal weight of glory."

"I have found it! I have found it!" said the weeping mourner, rejoicing through her tears. "*The Great Physician* has cheered my solitary hours with His own blessed presence, and lighted up this heart with untold joy. I never knew the

tenderness of His dealings till now. He seems as if 'touched with a feeling of all my infirmities.'"

"And methinks you can bear testimony," said *Pilgrim*, "that you got no healing cordial to your aching breast till you received it from *Him*?"

"None; none," said the other; "every other earthly joy seemed to be but a mockery. Earthly refuges were refuges of lies. Earthly comforters in vain sought to soothe a sorrow too deep for utterance. But when I came seeking the balm in Gilead, and the Physician there, He said to me, 'I will not leave you comfortless. Peace I leave with you; *my* peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth.'"

"What else said He unto thee?" continued *Pilgrim*.

"He told me," replied the other, "what His own precious name once was—'THE MAN OF SORROWS;' that there was not a pang I could feel but His own holy bosom had been rent with the same; that 'in all my afflictions He had been afflicted.' And when I spoke to Him of my crosses and losses, He answered me in tones of tender rebuke, "Was there any sorrow like unto *My* sorrow?"

"I see you feel," said *Pilgrim*, "as all His suffering people have felt—that the *Lord of the way* makes up for the loss of earthly blessings."

"I do," said the other. "'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' Many have been my sorrows; this *Valley of Tears* seems every day truer to its own name; but, God be thanked, amid the wreck of earthly blessings, I have still the better country and the better friend—'Jesus Christ; the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'"

"Whom the Lord loveth," continued *Resignation*, reading still from the volume she held in her hands, "He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. 'He afflicteth not willingly, nor grieveth the children of men.' 'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.' 'What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter.'"

"Even so!" replied the submissive sufferer, clasping her hands, "'even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.' 'I will be dumb; I will open not my mouth, because Thou didst it. Not as I will, but as Thou wilt. The Lord gave,

and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Having been refreshed and strengthened, before departing, by the *Lord of the way*, and again warned of the dangers he would have to encounter in the city which had been pointed out to him from the *Mount of Communion, Pilgrim*, commenced, with renewed ardour, the journey which yet remained, cheered with the prospect of the glorious crown which the *Lord of the way* held out as the covenanted reward of the "faithful unto death."

* * * *



CHAP. IX.

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—REV. xxi. 18.

Now I saw in my dream, that *Pilgrim*, after undergoing much of which time would fail to tell,

had approached near to the walls of the Celestial City; but there still intervened a dark valley, which formed the only access to its gates. This valley was called *the Valley of the Shadow of Death*, similar in name and appearance to that which he formerly traversed. As he found himself about to enter it, he stood trembling with terror.

"Be thou faithful unto death," said a voice behind him, "and the *Lord Immanuel* will give thee the crown of life!"

"Welcome! welcome!" replied *Pilgrim*, beholding by his side the *Ambassador of the Lord Immanuel*, who had so often appeared to him by the way, "Welcome! thou faithful man of God, much do I need thy salutary counsel and companionship in so awful an hour."

"A mightier than earthly counsellor is with thee," was the reply. "Though unseen, the only Friend that can avail thee is by thy side. He himself hath trodden this very valley before thee; never yet has one of His travellers found Him to fail. A few brief moments more, and sorrow and sighing will for ever have fled, and thou shalt be in the uncreated presence of the Great King."

"True! true!" replied the other; "the brief

sufferings of this present hour are not worthy to be compared with the glory about to be revealed. One moment in yonder bright world will make me forget them all." And with this he sung to himself one of the sweet strains which he had heard in the Palace of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, "Yea though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me : Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

"Yes," said *Faithful*; "no tear need bedim thine eye. This hour which terminates thy wanderings in a world of sorrow, is the commencement of a tearless immortality."

"Amen! even so!" exclaimed *Pilgrim*, as he seemed oppressed with the increasing gloom, and longing for the closing scene. "'Even so! come Lord Jesus!' come quickly! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

Now I saw that they had arrived by the brink of a dark and turgid stream, which terminated the valley. A dense mist hovered all around, so as to obscure from their view for a while the glories of the Celestial City.

"I feel a haze gathering round my eyes," said *Pilgrim*; "tell me, can this be death?"

"Thy warfare is just closing," said *Faithful*. "The gloom prevents thee seeing the portals of glory, though thou art on their very threshold. The passage through this river will be quickly over. Ere thou plunge in, let thine eye rest, for the last time, on the shield of faith, and read there the promise of the *Omnipotent One*, who will bear thee through,—'when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.'"

"The darkness yet grows deeper," said the other; "but though I cannot see, methinks I feel the support of arms underneath me. Is it so?"

"These," said *Faithful*, "are the Everlasting Arms with which the *Lord Immanuel* upholds His own covenant people in their last struggle through the billows of death, so that to sink were impossible."

"But, hark!" said *Pilgrim*, "though mine eyes are failing, and mine ears can do more than catch up the sound of thy voice, methinks, hard by me, I hear the notes of celestial minstrelsy; the cadence of unearthly voices is falling on my spirit!"

"It is the angels of God," replied *Faithful*, "who are waiting on the other side of the river to carry thee into the presence of the Great King; it is the signal that the *Lord Immanuel's* last intercessory prayer on thy behalf has ascended

and been heard, 'Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory,' and that thy name is now registered among the citizens of Zion!"

"Farewell! then, farewell!" said *Pilgrim*; the last faltering words of earth escaping from his tongue, and embracing in his arms the servant of His Lord. "Farewell! we shall meet in yonder bright world, where the Master thou servest will not suffer thee to lose thy reward. Farewell earth! farewell sin! farewell sorrow! farewell tears! Welcome death!—Jesus!—heaven!—glory!—victory!" With these words he plunged in, and the *Ambassador of the Lord Immanuel* saw his face in the Valley of Tears no more.

Now I saw that angels were waiting on the opposite side of the river to conduct him into the Heavenly City. For a time he was lost sight of in the deep waters. Billow after billow swept over his head; at last he was borne in safety through, and thus welcomed by the angelic band: "Well done! good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

Pilgrim now found himself walking by the margin of a "river clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

The golden palaces of Zion were reflected in its still waters, and trees waving with eternal verdure, and distilling immortal fragrance, lined its banks. It was called *the River of the Water of Life*. Aged travellers and once toil-worn warriors, reclined on its margin, and drank its crystal streams. Many of these had been covered with dust, others with blood; but in this placid river every vestige of pollution was taken away; and having washed their wounds and bathed their temples, they hastened to ascend the *Hill of Zion*. Death-divided relatives were seen crowding to meet them, wearing blood-bought crowns and harps of gold, and joyous were the re-unions!

"Now I saw that *Pilgrim* had arrived in front of the entrance. The gate itself was of solid gold. The pillars which supported it were composed of jasper and onyx, and all manner of precious stones, which shone with a brightness dazzling to behold. On presenting the Charter, sprinkled with the blood of *Immanuel*, which he had received at the *Narrow-way Gate*, they opened to him the everlasting portals; exclaiming, "Thou shalt walk with the *Lord Immanuel* in white, for thou art worthy!" On being admitted, *Pilgrim* was overwhelmed by the

blaze of glory which surrounded him. As he stood entranced in amazement, another retinue of angels came rushing down from the throne, singing hallelujahs, bearing in their hands a crown of pure gold, which they placed on his head, saying, "Ye are come unto *Mount Zion*, and unto *the city of the living God*, to the *Heavenly Jerusalem*, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the General Assembly and Church of the First-born which are written in heaven, to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect!"

Now I saw that he was borne away to the Third Heavens, in company with these angels and saints, with shoutings and rejoicings. He passed along through prostrate ranks of angel and archangel, cherubim and seraphim. As he got nearer and nearer the eternal throne, their ascriptions of praise waxed louder and louder. When he first entered the gates of glory, it seemed as "the sound of much people;" as he ascended, it became as "the voice of a great multitude;" higher still, as "the noise of many waters;" till, at last, as the glory brightened, it became as "the roar of mighty thunderings;" and so loud were the deepening anthem-peals, that *it awoke me from MY DREAM!*

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